



SYNOPSIS.

Percy Darrow, a young scientist in search of a job, enters the office of "Boss" McCarthy of New York. McCarthy has just been threatened by an anonymous message ordering him to flee to Europe. He does not take the message seriously. Darrow goes up the elevator to try for a position with Dr. Knox. Suddenly the electric apparatus in the Atlas building goes out of business. Experts are unable to locate the trouble. All at once, without apparent reason, electric connections are restored. The next evening McCarthy is warned that unless he leaves at once for Europe a sign will be sent him at six. Promptly at that hour the entire electric apparatus of New York is cut off. Percy Darrow thinks he has a sign.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"I could tell you exactly what must have happened," said he, "if the failure was complete. Never mind that. Was the condition general, or only local? How far did it extend?"

"It seemed to be confined to New York, and only about to Highbridge."

"Long Island? Jersey?"

"Yes; it hit them, too."

"What are the theories?"

"I couldn't see that they had any—that I could understand," said Jack. "There's some talk of the influence of a comet."

"Rubbish! Who sprung that?"

"Professor Aitken, I think."

"He ought to know better. Any others?"

"I couldn't understand them all. There was one of polarizing the island because of the steel structures; and the—"

"No human agency?"

"What?"

"No man or men are suspected of bringing this about?"

"Oh, no! You don't think—"

"No, I don't think. I only imagine; and I haven't much basis for imagining. But if my imaginations come out right, we'll have plenty to do."

"Where, now?" asked Jack, as the scientist finished dressing and reached for his hat. "Breakfast?"

"No, I ate that before I dressed. We'll make a call on the Atlas Building."

"All right," agreed Jack cheerfully. "What for?"

"To ask McCarthy if he hasn't a job for you in construction."

Jack came to a dead halt.

"Say!" he cried. "Look here! You don't quite get the humor of that. Why, McCarthy loves the name of Warford about the way a yellow dog loves a tin can to his tail."

"We'll call on him, just the same," insisted Darrow.

"I'm game," said Jack. "But I can tell you the answer right now. No need to walk to the Atlas Building."

"I have a notion the Atlas Building is going to be a mighty interesting place," said Darrow.

They debouched on the street. The air was soft and golden; the sun warm with the Indian summer. The clock on the Metropolitan tower was booming nine. As the two set out at a slow saunter down the backwater of the side street, Darrow explained a little further.

"Jack," said he abruptly, "I'll tell you what I think—or imagine. I believe last night's phenomena were controlled, not fortuitous or the result of natural forces. In other words, some man turned off the juice in this city; and turned it on again. How he did it, I do not know; but he did it very completely. It was not a question of wiring alone. Even dry-cell batteries were affected. Now, I can think of only one broad general principle by which he could accomplish that result. Just what means he took to apply the principle is beyond my knowledge. But if I am correct in my supposition, there occurs to me no reason why he should not go a step or so farther."

"I don't believe I follow," said Jack contritely.

"What I'm driving at is this," said Darrow; "this is not the end of the circus by any means. We're going to see a lot of funny things—if my guess is anywhere near right."

CHAPTER VI.

The Wrath to Come.

"Did you ever meet McCarthy?" asked Darrow, as the elevator of the Atlas sprang upward.

"Never."

"Well, no matter what he says or does, I want you to say nothing—nothing."

"Correct," said Jack. "I'll downcharge."

"That's right," Darrow approved. "First of all, wait outside until I call you."

McCarthy was already at his desk, and in evil humor. When Darrow entered, he merely looked up and growled.

"Good morning," Darrow greeted him easily. "Any wireless this morning?"

McCarthy threw back his heavy head.

"That damn operator's been leaking!" he cried.

"Is there any wireless?" observed

Darrow. "No, your operator didn't leak. Who is he?"

"If he didn't leak, what did you say that for?"

"I'm a good guesser," replied Darrow enigmatically. "They say anything about a 'sign' being sent, and such talk?"

"You've been gettin' the dope yourself out of the air," returned McCarthy sullenly.

"Look here, my fat friend," drawled Darrow, his eyes half closing. "I'm getting nothing from anywhere except in my own gray matter. What do your messages have to say?"

"Why should I tell you?"

"Because I'm interested—and because I know who sent 'em."

"So do I," snarled McCarthy, in a gust of temper.

"And I'm beginning to suspect he's a man to look out for. And I doubt if you'll ever find him. Of course, he's responsible for the row last night—as well as for the trouble in the Atlas Building the night before."

"I don't know whether he is or not."

"Oh, yes, you do; and I do; and the wireless man does. We're the only three. The rest of them are still figuring on comets."

"Well?"

"I don't suppose there's any real doubt left in your mind but that this man can turn the juice off again, if he wants to?"

"I don't know as he did it," persisted McCarthy stoutly.

"Now, how long do you suppose you'd last if the public should get on to the fact that this hidden power was going to exert itself again unless you left town?"

A slight moisture bedewed McCarthy's forehead.

"Not all your police, nor all your power could save you, if the general public once became thoroughly convinced that it was to go through another experience like last night's unless it ousted you. Why, a mob of a million men would gather against you in an hour. You see," drawled Percy Darrow, "why you'd better look after that wireless man of yours—and me."

"And you," repeated McCarthy. "What do you want?"

"I want to see those wireless messages, first of all," said Darrow, reaching out his hand.

McCarthy hesitated; then swiftly thrust forth the fimsies. Darrow, a slight smile curving his full red lips, held them to the light. They read as follows:

"McCarthy: A sign was promised you at six o'clock. It has been sent. Repent and beware! Go while there is yet time. 'M.'"

There were four of these, couched in almost identical language. The fifth and last message was shorter:

"McCarthy: Flee from the wrath to come. 'M.'"

"What," said Darrow, "is to prevent the other operators who must have caught this message from giving it



"Do You Know Whether Any Other Instrument Caught This?"

to the public? What, indeed, is to prevent M.'s appealing direct to the public?"

"I don't know," confessed McCarthy miserably. "Do you?"

"Not at this moment. Will you send for the operator who took these?"

McCarthy snatched down the telephone receiver, through which presently he spoke a message.

"What have you got to do with this?" he demanded, after he had hung up the hook.

"I want something," said Percy, "of course."

"Sure," growled McCarthy, once more back on familiar ground, and glad of it. "What is it?"

"I'll tell you when I'm sure whether I can do anything for you in this matter."

"If this fellow didn't leak, how did you know about them wireless?" demanded McCarthy again. "How do you know who's doing this?"

Darrow smiled.

"The man who can control the juice as this man has is a scientific expert with a full scientific equipment. If he communicated at all, it would be by wireless, as that is the easiest way to cover his trail. I remembered your telephone message from the fanatic about sending a 'sign.' Immediately after, the Atlas Building experienced on a small scale what next day the city experienced on a larger scale. It was legitimate inference to connect one with the other. Of course, if our telephone friend was the man who had brought these things about, he had done it to force you to do what he demanded. But he would lose the effect of his lesson unless you understood his connection with the matter. Hence, I concluded that you must have received messages—by wireless—and that they must have repeated the warning as to a 'sign' being sent. It was very simple."

"You're smart, all right," conceded McCarthy.

After a moment the wireless operator came in.

"Simmons," said McCarthy, "answer this man's questions."

"They will be in regard to these messages," said Darrow. "Where are they from?"

"Somewhere in the one-hundred to two-hundred mile circles, depending on the power of the sending instrument," replied the operator promptly.

"Are you sure?"

"I know my instruments pretty well; and I've had experience enough so I can tell by the sound of the sending about how far off they come from."

"And this was from somewhere about one to two hundred miles away, you think?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know whether any other instrument caught this?"

"No, only mine." He was very positive.

"How do you know?"

"Mr. McCarthy had me inquire."

"How do you account for it?"

"I don't know, except that maybe my instrument happened to be just tuned to catch it. That's another reason I know it was from far off. The farther away the sending instrument, the nearer exactly it has to be tuned to the receiving instrument. If it was nearer, 'most anybody'd get it."

Percy Darrow nodded.

"That's all, I guess. No, hold on. Did any of these come between six and eight last evening?"

For the first time the operator smiled.

"No, sir; my instrument was dead."

He went out.

"Well," growled McCarthy. "I don't know; but I can see more trouble."

"Let him turn off his juice," blustered the boss; "we'll be ready, next time."

Percy Darrow smiled.

"Will you?" he contented himself by saying. Then, after a moment's pause, he added, "I'll agree to stop this fellow if you'll give me an absolutely free hand. I'll even agree to find him."

"What do you want?"

"I want a job, a good engineering-construction job, for a friend of mine."

"What can he do?"

"He can learn. I want a good honest place where he can learn under a good man."

"Who is he?"

"I'll bring him in."

A moment later Jack, in answer to a summons, entered the office.

McCarthy stared at him. "What kind of a job?" he growled.

"Something active and out of doors."

Darrow answered for him; "streets, water, engineering."

"It's a holdup," said McCarthy sullenly drawing a tablet toward himself and thrusting the stub of a pencil into his mouth.

"A beneficent and just holdup," added Darrow; "the first of its kind in this city."

McCarthy glared at him malevolently.

"It don't go unless you deliver the goods," he threatened.

"Understood," agreed Darrow.

"What's his name?" demanded McCarthy, withdrawing the pencil stub, and preparing to write.

"His name," answered Darrow, "is John Warford, Junior."

McCarthy started to his feet with a bellow of rage, his face turning purple.

"Of all the infernal—" he roared, and stopped, as though stricken dumb. For two or three words further his mouth and throat went through the motions of speech. Then an expression of mingled fear and astonishment overspread his countenance. He sank back into his chair. Percy Darrow nodded twice and smiled.

weirdness. For silence is in reality a composite of many lesser noises. In a woodland almost inaudible insects hum, breezes blow, leaves and grasses rustle; at sea the tiny waves lap the sides and equally tiny breaths of air stir the cordage; within the confines of the human shell the mere physical acts of breathing, swallowing, winking, the mere physical facts of the circulation of the blood, the beating of the heart, produce each its sound.

Even a man totally deaf feels the subtle influence of these latter physical phenomena. And underneath all sound, perceptible alike to those who can hear and those who can not, are the vibrations that accompany every activity of nature as the manifestations of motion or of life. An ordinary deep silence is not so much an absence of sound as an absence of accustomed or loud sound. And in that unusual hush often for the first time a man becomes acutely aware of the stinging of the blood in his ears.

But this silence was absolute. All these minor sounds had been eliminated.

For a moment Boss McCarthy stared; then shoved back his chair with a violent motion, and rose. He was like a shadow on a screen. The flitting from the world of one element of its everyday life had unexpectedly rendered it all phantasmagoric.

As McCarthy shouted, and no sound came; as he moved from behind his desk, and no far accompanied his heavy footfall, he appeared to lose blood and substance, to become unreal. As no sound issued from his contorted face, so it seemed that no force would follow his blow, were he to deliver one.

He stumbled forward, dazed and groping as though he were in the dark, instead of merely in silence; a striking example in the uncertainty of his movements of how closely our senses depend on one another.

Jack spoke twice, then closed his lips in a grim straight line. He held his elbows close to his sides, and looked ready for anything.

A look of mild triumph illumined Percy Darrow's usually languid countenance. He stepped quickly to the wall, and turned the button of the incandescent globe. The light instantly glowed. At this he nodded twice more. From his pocket he drew a note-book and pencil, wrote in it a few words, and handed it to the dazed and uncertain boss.

"I was right," Darrow had scrawled. "This proves it. It's by no means the end. Better be good."

McCarthy's bulldog courage had recovered from its first daze. He began to see that this visitation was not entirely personal, but extended also to his two companions. This relieved his mind, for he had suspected some strange new apoplexy.

"Did you expect this?" he wrote.

Darrow nodded.

Together the three ghosts left the phantom office, and glided down the phantom halls. Other ghosts in various stages of alarm were already making their way down the stairs. Some of them spoke, but no sound came. One woman, her eyes frightened, reached out furtively to touch her neighbor, apparently to assure herself of his reality. Urged by an uncontrollable impulse, a man thrust his hand through the ground glass of an office door. The glass shattered, and crashed to the tile floor. The pieces broke—silently. It was as though the man had been the figure in a cinematograph illusion. He stared at his cut and bleeding hand. The woman who had touched the man suddenly threw back her head and screamed. They could see her eyes roll back, her face change color, could discern the straining of her throat. No sound came.

At this a panic seized them. They rushed down the stairs, clambering over one another, pushing, scrambling, falling. A mob of a hundred men fought for precedence. Blows were struck. No faintest murmur of tumult came from their futile heat. It might have been the riot of a wax-works in a vacuum.

They fell into the lower hallway, and fought their way to the street, and stood there dazed and staring, a strange, wild-eyed, white-faced, bloody crew. The hurrying avenue stopped to gaze on them curiously, gathering compact a mob that blocked all traffic. Policemen pushed their way in and

she said, in a tone that rang through the house like the silvery tones of a bell, "to notify Miss Gonyb that she needn't mangle that solo. I'll be there!"

"I thought that would do it," said the minister's wife, quietly, to herself.

Value of Labor.

Labor is a commodity to be bought and sold notwithstanding the maudlin criticism of some theorists, writes C. W. Post in Leslie's. Labor is not the man himself, whom I consider a part of the divine, but labor is his output just the same as wheat is the output of the farmer, and it is a subject for purchase and sale, and upon its quality depends its demand and its value. There are two kinds of labor, the one manual and the other mental. When the skilled workman possesses a trained mind which directs his hands, he rises in value, and when he reaches a plane where his mind is so well trained that he in turn becomes a creator and must needs devise and direct, he then requires other hands to carry out his ideas. Then he again rises in the plane of value to humanity, and his compensation must keep pace.

The popular soprano of the Rev. Dr. Goodman's church choir at once sat bolt upright in bed.

"What?" she screamed. "That old maid with the cracked voice try to sing my solo? Never!"

With one hand she tore the bandages off her head; with the other she swept the medicines from the little table to the floor, and then she kicked down the coverlets.

"Tell Dr. Goodman and the organist,"

"I am sorry to learn you are so ill that you cannot possibly be in your accustomed place tomorrow morning, Miss Hysce," said the minister's wife, condolingly, "and I have hurried over to say you need not feel the slightest uneasiness about the solo you were to sing in the opening anthem. Dr. Goodman and the organist have arranged that Miss Gonyb shall take the part, and—"

"What?"

The popular soprano of the Rev. Dr. Goodman's church choir at once sat bolt upright in bed.

"What?" she screamed. "That old maid with the cracked voice try to sing my solo? Never!"

With one hand she tore the bandages off her head; with the other she swept the medicines from the little table to the floor, and then she kicked down the coverlets.

"Tell Dr. Goodman and the organist,"

"I am sorry to learn you are so ill that you cannot possibly be in your accustomed place tomorrow morning, Miss Hysce," said the minister's wife, condolingly, "and I have hurried over to say you need not feel the slightest uneasiness about the solo you were to sing in the opening anthem. Dr. Goodman and the organist have arranged that Miss Gonyb shall take the part, and—"

"What?"

The popular soprano of the Rev. Dr. Goodman's church choir at once sat bolt upright in bed.

"What?" she screamed. "That old maid with the cracked voice try to sing my solo? Never!"

With one hand she tore the bandages off her head; with the other she swept the medicines from the little table to the floor, and then she kicked down the coverlets.

"Tell Dr. Goodman and the organist,"

STATE WILL PAY
PAST DUE DEBTS

MILLION AND A HALF OF WAR.
RANTS ARE CALLED IN BY
TREASURER.

SCHOOLS GET MILLION DOLLARS

Receipts of Funds Received From the
Sheriffs Will Pay Two Distributions
to the Public Schools of Kentucky.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Frankfort, Ky.—The state treasury will disburse this month to public schools about a million dollars and another million and a half to the holders of interest-bearing warrants. State Treasurer Rhea will issue a call for all outstanding warrants, stamped as interest-bearing from October 1, 1912, to May 31, 1913, inclusive. According to the call, interest on warrants will stop December 22. The total amount of these warrants is approximately \$1,500,000.

Nearly half the revenue of the state is received during December, the sheriffs turning into the state treasury about \$3,000,000. The total revenues of the state are a little more than \$7,000,000. As fast as the money comes in Treasurer Rhea is planning to disburse it in redeeming the public obligations.

The first of the two installments of the December school fund apportionment was checked out to the city and county schools by Treasurer Rhea. The total amount disbursed was \$492,440.31, of which \$400,438.62 goes to the rural and \$92,001.69 to the city schools. The disbursement of the school fund always runs a month behind during the fall, but in December when tax receipts come in, two disbursements are made, bringing the apportionment up to date before the end of the calendar year.

Board Suspends All Penalties For Time.

As a result of the withdrawal of a majority of the fire insurance companies from the rating department of the Kentucky actuarial bureau so far as re-rating dwelling houses is concerned, following the adoption by the state rating board of a schedule reducing the basic rate, the board has decided to indefinitely suspend all penalties for failure to re-rate that class of risks, and permit the companies to re-rate dwellings as each risk is written and file a report of each transaction with the board. The following circular letter, containing this information, was sent out to the companies:

You are hereby notified that it is the sense of the state insurance board of Kentucky that any penalties imposed by the provisions of the law creating this board are not operative until the board shall have fixed a date upon which scientific rates under the modified dwelling schedule, dated October 15, 1913, and effective November 1, 1913, shall be filed with said board, and that until such order is made, the rates arrived at by the application of the dwelling schedule dated March 15, 1913, and effective May 1, 1913, shall prevail. Meetings of both sides in the insurance trouble have been held for two days in Louisville and it was reported there that agreement on a compromise was likely.

Action of Covington Legal.

Council has the right to make laws creating local board of health in Covington and confer upon the board power to make reasonable regulations for the health of the community. In reversing the judgment of the Kentucky circuit court in the case of the board of health of Covington and Dr. J. M. O'Malley, health officer, against Henry Kollman, of that city, the appellate court decided that the ordinance passed by the council of Covington in 1909, giving the board of health the right to make rules regulating the sale of milk, is valid. The Graves circuit court was upheld by the appellate court in directing a peremptory instruction in favor of the Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph company against Lemuel Magness, administrator. The court held that Magness, an employee of the company, assumed the risk which caused his death by climbing a telephone pole and taking hold of a "live" wire while employed by the company as a "trouble man" in Mayfield. James Lewis, of Bullitt county, convicted of cutting and wounding John Burris and sentenced to the penitentiary for from one to five years, must serve his term, as the court affirmed the lower court's judgment.

Grant Lunch Stand Privilege.

Mrs. Robt. Gentry, of Frankfort, was granted the Capitol lunch stand privilege recently by the state capital commission. This concession brings no revenue to the state, but is for the accommodation of the legislators. Secretary of State C. F. Crecelius and State Treasurer Thomas S. Rhea were authorized to consider the application of negroes to use the house chamber in the old capitol for a celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the emancipation proclamation which occurs next month.

BETTER THAN ANY MEDICINE

Just a Few Well-Chosen Words and Ailing Singer Was Restored to Vigorous Health.

"I am sorry to learn you are so ill that you cannot possibly be in your accustomed place tomorrow morning, Miss Hysce," said the minister's wife, condolingly, "and I have hurried over to say you need not feel the slightest uneasiness about the solo you were to sing in the opening anthem. Dr. Goodman and the organist have arranged that Miss Gonyb shall take the part, and—"

"What?"

The popular soprano of the Rev. Dr. Goodman's church choir at once sat bolt upright in bed.

"What?" she screamed. "That old maid with the cracked voice try to sing my solo? Never!"

With one hand she tore the bandages off her head; with the other she swept the medicines from the little table to the floor, and then she kicked down the coverlets.

"Tell Dr. Goodman and the organist,"